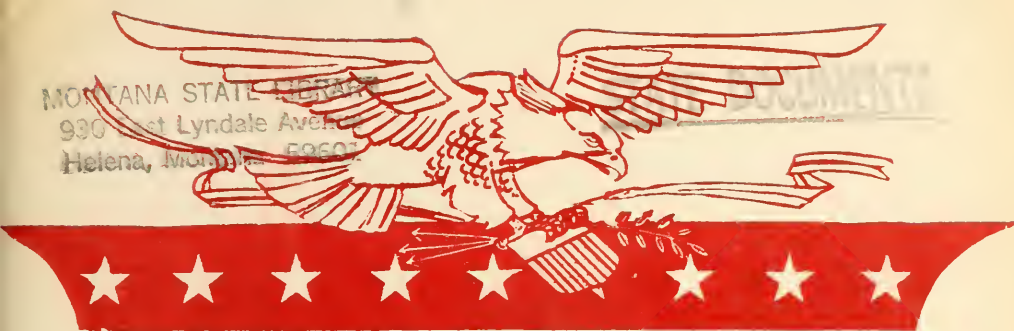


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# MP NEWS

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# The Editor



A child at play falls and severely lacerates himself - so bad that a total of five blood transfusions are needed in order to save his life.....

A mother afflicted by a rare blood disease - is in need of fifty to a hundred pints of blood to sustain her life.....

A newborn baby suffers the need of a complete change of the blood in his system in order that his eyes might open once more in the morning.....

As horrible as these situations may seem on paper, they are true and happen virtually everyday. Somewhere, someone needs a pint of blood, badly - badly enough to die without it.

Trying to prevent these tragic situations from the want of blood, is exactly what the - convicts here at the Deer Lodge State Penitentiary tried to do recently. These inmates each donated a pint of blood to the American Red Cross.

As of late the number of pints being donated to the Red Cross have fallen off. Remember fellas' - when you donate, you're ten days shorter. It may not seem like much now - but think it over.

How many of us have brothers, cousins and other relations serving in Vietnam? How many of us can be

sure that our family will not need blood at some date in the future.

If you are in need of a pint of blood, it may cost you anywhere from \$35 to \$50 per pint, depending on the type of blood. If you have donated to the Red Cross you can receive blood, or for that matter, anyone in your family may receive it - for nothing.

For a number of years now the Red Cross has sponsored a blood drive in this prison every three months. Will you donate a pint?

In an interview with a member of the Red Cross - Great Falls Chapter, she told this writer that there is currently a shortage of blood in the banks that the Red Cross maintains across the nation.

Viet Nam and other situations have taken their toll on the reserves and now we must try and rebuild that supply.

These three hundred and seventeen Convicts who donated, have done their part in trying to accomplish this, it is the hope of the American Red Cross that they'll continue to do so in such future efforts.

Six nurses from the Great Falls Regional Blood Center were on hand to take the blood donations from the Inmates. They did not want their names published, so

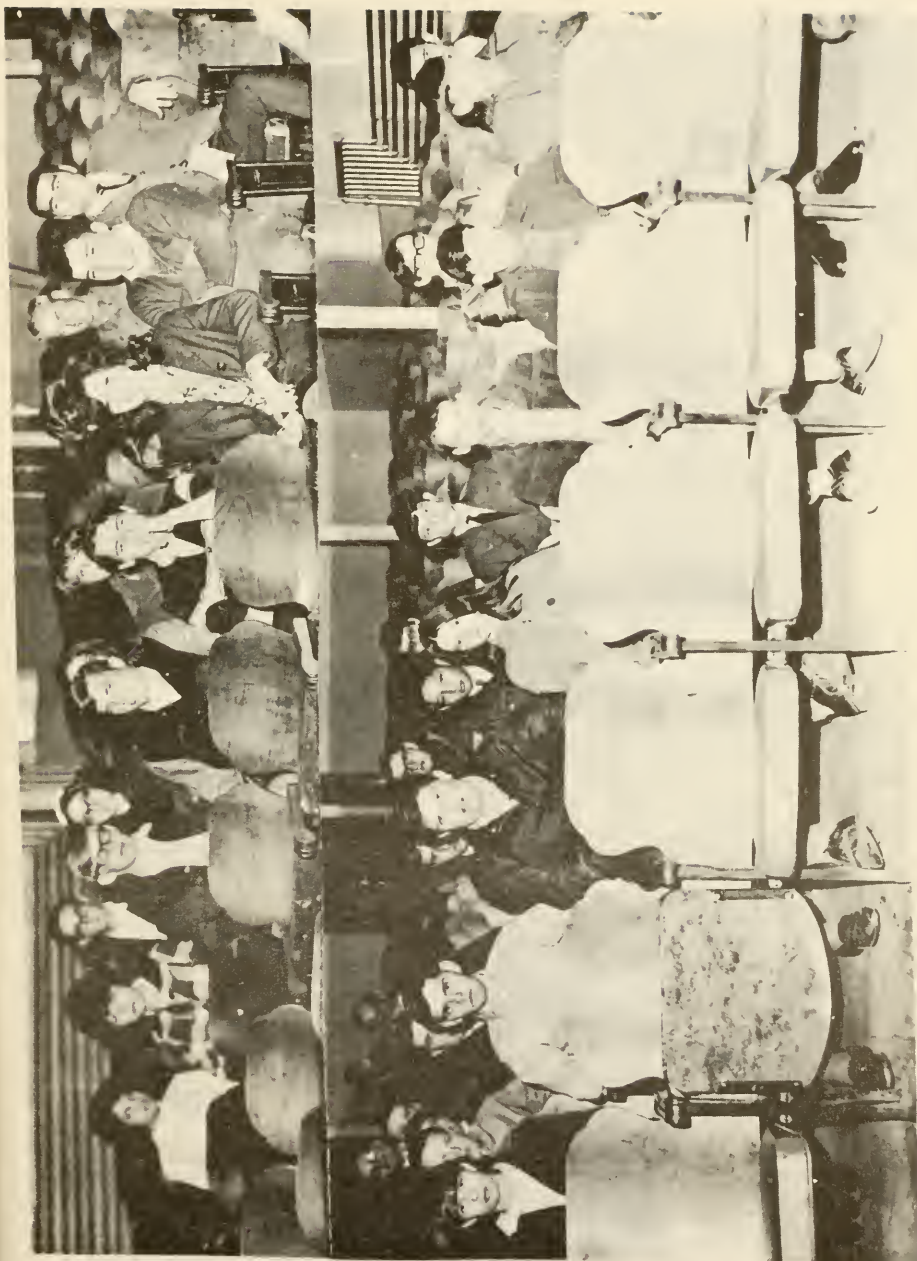
there were no pictures taken of this blood drawing that was held in the Clark Theater.

Volunteer workers from the Deer Lodge Area were also present to assist in the Prison blood drive, and there were five of them.

Earl was the custodian on this trip as well as other trips, and it was his duty to see that all the equipment was delivered on time and properly set up for the blood donations.

The next Blood Drawing is tentatively set for the first part of July 1969. So drop in for a cup of coffee and a sandwich, and then chase that down with a roll or two, might have doughnuts the next time - you can't tell what's gonna happen around this joint. But, what ever you do - don't smile, jest drink a lot of water and walk real slow--- and you just might walk out of that Gate 7 sooner than you think! Or is it later than you think? (mutt)

**May the road rise up to meet you,  
The wind be always at your back,  
The sunshine warm upon your face,  
The rain fall soft upon your fields.  
Until we meet again  
May the Lord hold you  
In the palm of His hand.  
—An old Irish blessing**



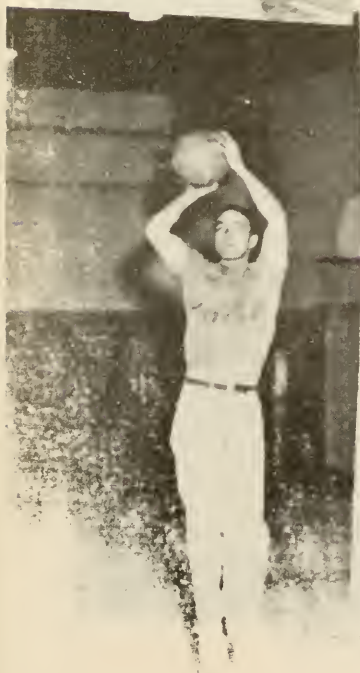




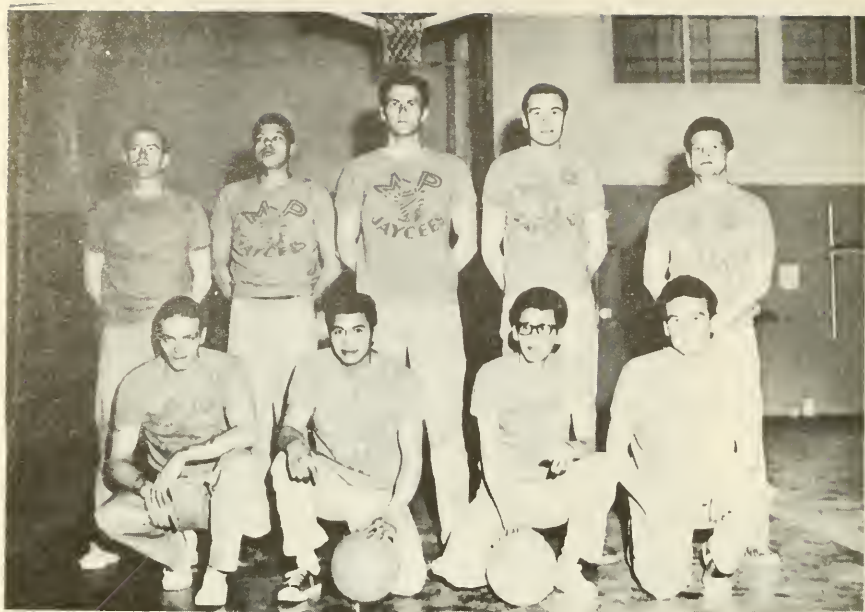














NO WONDER 500,000 DOCTORS QUIT SMOKING!

# Last Victim of the Vigilantes

by

*Phil S. Long*

In jail Con Murphy had shown a different side of his personality, telling a cellmate that he was unhappy that he had not been allowed to go with Custer to the Little Big Horn. The cellmate later told officers Murphy also added that he would have liked to have died an honorable death and saved the people of Montana much grief and expense.

Immediately following Murphy's escape several fires broke out in Helena. It was at once assumed that these might have been set by Murphy to divert attention from the jail where the Edmonsons were awaiting transfer to Deer Lodge, and a group of townspeople secretly formed a "Vigilance Committee" to deal out their own particular form of justice.

Late in December, 1884, a young man appeared in Helena and, in a conversation with Albert Galen who was then a schoolboy, said, "My name is Con Redmond. I just came here from my home in Hannibal, Missouri, to make a search for my brother, Jack. I guess in this country he is known as Con



Early photo of the Montana State Penitentiary at Deer Lodge from which Con Murphy escaped.

Courtesy Montana Historical Society



Murphy. We heard back home that Jack was leading a bad life here, and Mother is in very poor health and sick with worry. It is mother's wish that she see him once more and talk to him, so I have got to find him."

How young Con Redmond found his older brother isn't known but in a short time the two were together, and young Redmond succeeded in convincing "Murphy" that he should give up his career of outlawry and go back home. Murphy managed to obtain train tickets for Missouri but could not risk boarding a train in Helena. While he stayed in hiding the reward for his capture increased to \$1,700. Afraid things weren't going to cool down, the brothers decided to make a break for it.

John O'Neill, a rancher who lived about eighteen miles northeast of Helena, was awakened by a loud knocking on his door on the morning of January 25, 1885. He at once opened the door and two snow-covered figures pushed their way into the cabin and demanded some breakfast. O'Neill, familiar with the description of Murphy, recognized the fugitive at once and hastily complied with the order for food. After breakfast the men told John to come with them to a cabin nearby. While one brother slept, the other stood guard over O'Neill. This continued throughout the day of the 25th and into the morning of the 26th.

When breakfast was finished the second morning, Murphy told O'Neill, "We are leaving this country and will bother no one here again. We must have food for the trip and you are going in to Helena this morning and get it for us. If you give us away in any way I will kill you as sure as you sit here now."

O'Neil harnessed a team of a two-horse sleigh. ~~¶~~Along the way he began thinking about the \$1,700 reward. As soon as he arrived in Helena he drove straight to the sheriff's office and told them where they could find Murphy and his brother. Deputy Sheriff J.R. McFarland and Police Officer George Bashaw started at once for the ranch, arriving about ten o'clock that night. The two officers remained outside while O'Neill went in and placed the box of groceries on the table. He found Murphy in bed and his younger brother sitting by the fire. O'Neill pretended to be very cold and asked the younger man if he would mind taking the horses to the stable. When the young man left with the team, O'Neill crept outside and beckoned to the officers. Then they

entered, O'Neill pronounced on Murphy. Groggy with sleep, the outlaw submitted and was handcuffed by McFarland and disarmed.

Minutes later young Con Redmond returned from the stable and at once was placed under arrest and handcuffed.

The officers, not wishing to waste any time getting their prisoners to jail, put them in the sleigh and started for town, accompanied by the rancher. But the wind had risen during the night and the road was badly drifted, forcing the party to stop until morning at a halfway house owned by Bruce Toole. The two prisoners were guarded all night by the officers. At breakfast the handcuffs were removed to allow each brother the freedom of one hand so each could eat and put on his overcoat before going outside.

After putting on his overcoat, Murphy started across the room for his hat, then suddenly turned, pulling a revolver he had kept hidden under his left arm. He fired at Bashaw, striking him in the hand. The outlaw then ran up the stairs and took refuge in a clothes closet, shooting at some of the men in the yard through a crack in the wall.

When the men returned the fire he stopped shooting. The officers called up to him and told him they would set the house on fire. He replied that he wanted to talk to his brother.

Bashaw told the young man to go up and talk some sense into Murphy. The boy was only gone a few minutes; coming back down he told Bashaw that Con wanted to talk to him. Bashaw went up at once and Murphy told him that he would surrender if Bashaw would promise to deliver him safely to the jail in Helena.

The officer gave his word of honor that he would do just that and Murphy handed his gun through the door, butt first, saying, "I have never killed a man in my life and I do not wish to add that crime to my career. I want you to have this gun to remember me by; however, if the vigilantes come for me please let me have a six-shooter to defend myself with."

"I won't let them take you from our custody."

The two prisoners were put into the sleigh once more and the journey continued. On the way Murphy told Bashaw that he had watched him throughout the previous night, trying to get the drop on him, but Bashaw had not

given him the slightest opportunity to make a play. He confessed that he had hoped to take Gashaw's gun and get the drop on McFarland. He then could have taken two of the best horses and what supplies he needed and would have left the country. Turning to his brother he told him to remember O'Neill as long as he lived. He also told the officers that he wanted all his horses, arms and other equipment turned over to his brother as young Con was innocent and had nothing whatsoever to do with the crimes. On the journey he discussed many more of his affairs and became quite friendly with his captors.

About four miles from Helena the party was met by a vigilante group of about 100 men. Murphy begged Bashaw to let him have a gun but Bashaw refused. The mounted men took possession of the prisoners, and asked Murphy if he had anything to say. At once he shouted, "Don't harm the boy for he is innocent!"

Murphy was questioned regarding the fires in Helena and denied any knowledge of them. He protested that he should be given a fair trial by the people and was informed that the people had already tried him and found him guilty. He retorted, "Why are you so determined to hang me when there are hundreds of worse men than I at large in the country?"

"You should have thought of that years ago," replied the spokesman for the vigilantes.

Bashaw then spoke up, "It is not right for you to take the prisoner away from officers of the law. Besides I faithfully promised this man that if he would surrender I would deliver him safely to the jail in Helena. You have no right at all to hang him."

"We are going to hang him and you might as well keep still and stay out of it."

The vigilantes drove the sleigh to a telegraph pole and fastened a rope around the victim's neck. The rope was thrown over a cross-arm and thirty determined men took hold of the rope to assist in the execution. Murphy was raised clear of the ground but the cross-arm snapped.

The men conversed for a moment and decided to take their prisoner to a small trestle across a coulee some distance to the north. The drive took about ten minutes; Murphy lay in the bottom of the sleigh with the rope around his neck, pale and quiet.

When they arrived at the trestle he said in a voice



filled with despair, "Brother, kiss me before I die."

Young Redmond, wiping away tears, leaned over and kissed his brother and sobbed, "Goodbye."

Once again Murphy was taken from the sleigh. The Vigilantes turned the younger brother over to Bashaw and forced Murphy to stand in the center under the trestle. They pulled him up until his head was about four feet from the timber and tied the rope and left him hanging until four o' clock that afternoon when his corpse was taken down and placed in a sleigh to be taken to Helena. At the old fire house beside the present site of the county jail the body was placed on display. The face was badly swollen from strangulation, and about two feet of the rope with which he was hanged was still around his neck.

That night Murphy's brother was given a hearing by the vigilante committee. He was cleared and told to move on. The next morning he was put aboard the eastbound train and told never to come back; that afternoon the coroner held an inquest over Murphy's body. Later it was taken to the pauper section of the Benton Avenue Cemetery.

The execution of Murphy, which took place one mile west of present-day East Helena, was the last hanging by vigilantes in the Territory of Montana. It took place on Tuesday, January 27, 1885. Murphy was twenty-eight years old at the time of his death. Some people still wonder if he would have lived an honorable life if he and his brother could have made their escape that cold winter day.

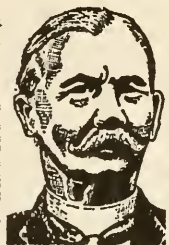
-True West August, 1968

## **A Good School Record Is Invaluable**

With your first step into a school building, unaware, you commenced the task of constructing a vital possession, your school record. This record is as common as your shadow. Until you have taken your last breath, it will always remain with you. Because it is vital and permanent, a student should act wise and alert in creating his record. If the accomplishment is an excellent one, it will reward you by enabling you to get the best job and a respectable place in society.

You are practically beginning your record when you've taken your first step into our complex world. Carry along a poor record, and it's an ominous world you are facing; take along a desirable record and there's an out-stretched hand waiting for you.

Another thing, **you cannot buy or exchange a school record;** you can't expect to build an entirely different one, but you can start improving your school record. There's nothing complex about it. All it takes is common sense.



# Nightkeeper

Published weekly in The Spectator, inmate written and edited newspaper at Southern Michigan Prison, Nightkeeper's Report has been acclaimed the most widely printed prison feature in the nation's 190 member Penel Press. Penned in neat Spencerian script by Nightkeeper John H. Purves in the 1880's, the day-to-day reports chronicled occurrences within the dark and gloomy confines of the prison. Today the reports are dust laden, worn and fragile. But entries abound in a crisply written and entertaining report of nights behind bars.

July 25 - It is my duty to report Maloy, No. 2109, for creating a disturbance. Maloy is one of the more notorious cranks who just can't stand peace and quite. At about 11:00 O'clock Maloy began whooping it up until I threatened to souse him with a full bucket of very cold water. He agreed to quite down but then again about 1:2 a.m., he started in again, and kept it up even after I threatened him with the water. He had been listening to other convicts who assured him that I was bluffing, and he went too far by daring me to wet him, I therefore haeved a full bucket on him, which shut him up pronto-much to the glee of the other convicts who called him an addle-brained sucker for taking their advice. Clarkson, the convict who revealed the escape plot awhile back called me to his cell and trembling told me that he was in deadly fear of his life, as the ones involved had learned he "peached on them" by some remote means. I told him that we would provide necessary protection, but that he was dubious, saying that promises were no defense against a sharp "shiv" in the hards of a prisoner who has been put "on the spot." As a result I'd like to talk this over with the Warden, for it sometimes requires the wisdom of a Solomon, and the authority of a governor to take the proper and necessary steps in some of the problems which confront a Night keeper. The convicts have no more liking for there weaklings than we do, but it is our job to protect the Judas among them if we hope to encourage their usefulness.

July 26 -The cell blocks were were during the past night, and the only entry to marr an otherwise clean report is a complaint by Keeper Williams against convict Fisher, No. 794, for turning in bad work. Only 120 bunches of straw out of Fisher's 700 bunch daily take were acceptable to the contractors. hen reprimanded by keeper Williams for his poor workmanship, Fisher laid down his tools and became insolent, "I'd advise you and Lesher (the Manaer) and Barer (the foreman) to practice what you preach. I'm doing my work as best I can and according to the way I was told. If I was less a gentle man I'd resent you ordering me around with less conversation and more force. Now scram!" No. 794, was taken to his cell, by order of the Deputy, and chalked in from 6 p.m., to 9 a.m., later he was taken to the West Wing and given twenty bats with the leather strap in the presence of the Phhysician.

July 28 -Another quiet evening passed with but one minor incident. At about 2 a.m., French, No 139, shattered the stillness of the block with an agonizing scream that brought Guard Doge a-running. It developed that French, while having a nightmare, became intangled in his bed covers and was slowly strangling himself; Guard Dodge quickly extracted the convict from his bed covers and questioned him. Some of the other convicts, aroused by French's screams, growled about being awakened. But they soon subisdied and every thing returned to normal.

July 29 -Fisher, No. 794, was again the subject of a report by keeper Williams charged with not doing his work in the broom contract. Instead of sizing 700 bunches of brooms he completed only 415 bunches by quitting time. In addition, he failed to come out of his cell this morning at unlock time. When ordered by the physician to go to his work assignment, Fisher flatly refused and he would not budge from the stand. It was at this time that the physician noticed a red mark about half-na-ince wide, which circled Fisher's neck. When asked to explain the bruise, the convict replied that he was tired of living and did not care what became of him. "If I'm going to be worked and worried to death, I may as wlll help it along," he said. And I would have made a good job of it too if my damned belt had not busted." At this point Fisher's voice rose hysterically and he screamed, "who knows better than me how much I can stand. Well, why don't you go away and stop staring at me like



that. "Go way I say, leave me be." The convict lost all control of himself at this point and the physician gave him a hypodermic injection to quiet him. He was removed to the asylum by order of the Deputy. Fisher, No. 794 will be confined to the asylum until a cure is effected.

July 30 -I was made a startling offer this night just past by convict Drake, No. 999, who claims to have heard the call and wished permission to save the population from eternal perdition. Summoned by Guard Foote, who informed me that Drake wishes to see me, I went to the convict's cell and found him walking up and down his cell, reading aloud to himself from his Bible. Asked why he wished to see me, he replied, "It isn't you I wish to see so much as the Warden, but you will do as an emissary. Here's what I would like you to do. You people aren't getting anyw ere with these prisoners and do you know why? It is because they are ungodly and because you have no surefire way to bring them face to face with the Lord. Their solution is not in rules, or prison ships, or courts or clubs, but is right here," he thumped his Bible excitedly, and I have been chosen by the Lord to impart the word to them. So, just tell the Warden that I want to address my fellow convicts in the chapel; that I also want permission to visit their cells and bring them the word. Just let me do this; let me preach the word of God to these men and I'll prove to the taxpayers that these buildings and these bars are just a premediated plot to shut out God and his healing influences from these men so that a bunch of atheists can get paid by avoiding honest work. I advised Drake to watch his tongue and desist such talk or he'd find himself in a spot where even his Bible will not do him any good. What to do with this man is a problem Warden, I am heartily in accord with him, enjoying to the full this religious fervor, but he must be insane to propose speaking to his fellow convicts and selling their religious release. I'm afraid if that were permitted, his fellow convicts would do him bodily harm, or ridicule him and accuse him of pulling the "RELIGIOUS TRICKET."

*Forgiveness saves the expense of anger, the cost of hatred and the waste of energy.*

*—Megiddo Message*

# Run *by Cloyce Little Light*

There I was just jogging down the highway at a pretty good pace when this car pulled up in front of me, he got out of his car, and came up to me, he said "hey boy" you're a pretty good runner. how would you like to have a job and make some good money." I said yea! what doing, "Well he said I got some sheep up in the mountains that I got to get rounded up real fast." He told me that he would pay me a \$100 a day, and expect me to be done in 3 days. I didn't have anything to do so I said that I would. So we went up to the mountains where he had his sheep. he told me that he had to get back to town, and that I would have to handle it myself. When he left he took his horse and doge. I yelled "hey, won't I be needing them dogs." "He said 'nope' sorry but I got to take them back." Well, he left me there to do a job so I thought I had better get to it. I'm not a very smart man and I didn t know just how I was going to round up 3000 sheep that was spread from here to breakfast. I had a pretty good pair of moccasins, so I ran and ran, and for three days I ran, up coulee's down and up mountain-sides, in the brushes and in the cactus. Well, I finally got a total of 3000 sheep rounded up. The boss came back the afternoon of the 3rd day, looking kind of mad at seeing me sitting by the wagon. he said "hey did you get them sheep rounded up yet." I said, "yea, they are up at the corrals." He said I'll go look, all of a sudden I heard a hollowing scream, and he cam running back puffing and panting and yelled out to me "hey you dumb fool, them ain't sheep, them's Antelope.....

The huffy matron waved her bill under the doctor's nose. "Just look here," she cried, "you have charged me five dollars and all you did was paint my throat."

"Well, ma'am," the physician replied, "what did you  
Two workmen were sitting down to their sack lunches at  
noon. Jim said, "what makes you think your wife is tir-  
ing of you, Leon?"

Leon stated flatly, "Very simple. Every day for a week now, she has wrapped my lunch in a road map."

# **ATTENTION!!! EMPLOYERS!!!**

*Have you ever considered  
hiring a parolee?*

---

*Skilled, semi-skilled and unskilled  
workers available*

---

There are men presently awaiting release on parole who are seeking employment. Steady employment is a requisite of parole and these men cannot be released until they have employment. Won't you help these men in their efforts to rebuild their lives and to become useful, productive members of the community?

Many of these men have had previous experience or have received training in the following trades.

---

SIGN PAINTING  
MACHINE SHOP  
PRINTING  
LAUNDRY WORKERS  
SHOE WORKERS

REFRIGERATION  
OFFICE MACHINE REPAIR  
CLOTHING MANUFACTURE  
DRY CLEANING  
TAILORING

SOAP AND SOAP PRODUCTS PROCESSING

---

## **Automotive**

AUTOMOTIVE REPAIR  
BODY AND FENDER WORK  
SPRAY PAINTERS

---

## **Building Trades**

ELECTRICIANS  
PLUMBERS  
CEMENT FINISHING  
WELDING  
WOOD WORKERS  
GENERAL LABORERS

CARPENTERS  
BRICK AND BLOCK LAYERS  
METAL WORKERS  
STEAMFITTERS  
WOOD FINISHERS  
PAINTERS

ALSO AVAILABLE ARE FARM HANDS AND OTHERS CAPABLE  
OF PERFORMING A VARIETY OF JOBS

---

**Let us know your labor needs**

**For further information contact**

Eugene Bond

Inst. Parole Officer

Box 7

Deer Lodge, Montana 59722

or Call 846-1320 Ext 26

# Youth

## *Mutt Calf Looking*

When ever the subject of youth or today's younger generation comes up, someone invariably says, "I don't understand them," or "I don't know what this world is coming to."

These common statements refer to three groups: Hippies, Draft-card burners, and Anti-war demonstrators. All three are opposed to the general public because, they are for the most part, considered "dirty" communists, or unpatriotic. But few people take the trouble to discover the reasoning behind their actions.

The true hippies are simply trying to express their dissatisfaction with society in general. They resent everything handed to them on a silver platter. They want to teach their children that "all men are created equal." It is one of the ideas behind our country.

Hippies want their children growing up loving one another, regardless of color, race, religion or financial status.

This was the dream of our forefathers; a country of freedom and equality for everyone.

This next group; draft-card burners. This group consists of men ranging from 18 to 40 or 45 years old. They feel that the Constitution contradicts itself, on one hand stating, that no man should be held in involuntary servitude, and on the other hand saying that all men must serve their country.

If almost any member of this group were asked, he would tell you he wants to serve his country and would be more than willing too, if only it weren't required. Most of these men want to get a good education (which, it has been pointed out to them, is vital to their future) and do so without the worry of a draft call towering over their heads.

The third group is very similar to the draft-card burners. It is a group made up of people in every age level, every profession, every walk of life. Each member has personal convictions against our war in Vietnam.

These people love America and cherish their freedoms,



but they cannot accept our boys fighting and dying on the other side of the world for a government which does not have the support of the Vietnamese people.

Are they entirely wrong? If so, can the blame be placed totally on them? A brief look at the picture we get of Viet Nam will answer these questions.

To many, we appear to be keeping just enough men in Viet Nam to sustain the war. Not enough to win, but enough to insure that we do not lose. We seem to bomb only enough to scare the Viet Cong, not enough to destroy them.

It also appears that our news media are being watched pretty darn carefully. It is hard for most to believe the large number of Viet Cong killed compared to the small number of U.S. casualties.

These reports become even more difficult to believe if you could visit the General Hospitals and Naval Hospitals, here in this country and abroad, where many of our casualties come for treatment. Does the United States always win?

Maybe through all the demonstrations, "We the people" will obtain some facts and truths about the Vietnam war.

These groups, youth and adults alike, are using their freedoms. Do we have the right to stifle these freedoms, because a group is not concurrent with the popular ideas of society?

I don't - nor do these groups - demand that you agree with their ideas. But it is important to all America, that you look at every issue from each person's point of view, before you condemn that person or his ideas. This is one of the principles that our country was built on.

YOUTH -by MUTT CALFLOOKING

\*\*

About Face! Swedish convicts now take their families to jail. So far it has worked out fine. "Families that celled together - held together."

\*\*

INMATES DRAFT ESCAPE PLANS! Canon City, Colorado: The Interpreter, inmate newspaper at the Colorado State Penitentiary carried this headline at the top of their paper, "INMATES DRAFT PLANS TO ESCAPE."

But prison officials weren't worried. The article was about job training in an effort to escape the "continuing cycle of arrest, imprisonment, release, arrest, imprisonment on and on without end."

# An Addict

*by Norman Ferguson*

THE NIGHT IS A SEETHING BLACK MASS,  
AND AROUND ME IT HANGS LIKE A SHROUD.  
IN MY MIND ARE VISIONS OF DEMONS,  
RIDING HIGH ON A FIRERY, RED CLOUD.

PRECARIOUSLY PERCHED ON THE BRINK OF INSANITY,  
TOTTLEING ON A LEDGE BETWEEN TERROR AND FEAR.  
WONDERING DARE I CHALLENGE REALITIES GHOST,  
IN THIS MOMENT OF MADNESS SO SUDDENLY CLEAR.

ON THE FLOOR AT MY FEET A BROKEN SYRINGE,  
A SYMBOL OF MY LIFE'S GREATEST SCHEMES.  
EACH MINUTE THAT PASSES IT GROWS LARGER,  
OR IS IT SMALLER I GROW IN THIS DREAM?

BESIDE ME A CELLOPHANE PACKAGE,  
THAT TO THE TOUCH SEEMS COMPLETELY UNFAL.  
BUT THE YEARS OF MY LIFE THIS HABIT HAS COST,  
ARE TANGIBLE OBJECTS I FEEL.

IT'S COST ME JOBS, UNTOLD FRIENDS AND FAMILY,  
WITH IT I'VE LIVED THROUGH PURE HELL.  
BUT THE FINAL AND ULTIMATE DEBASEMENT,  
WAS WITHDRAWAL IN A COLD PRISON CELL.

I KNOW THAT SOMEDAY I'LL BE FOUND,  
AND THERE, FOR THE WHOLE WORLD TO SEE.  
ON A MORGUE FILE TACKED, "ORIGIN UNKNOWN",  
WILL BE PAINTED THE LETTERS "OD".

IT'S TRUE I'VE LIVED FOR A MOMENTS PLEASURE,  
WITH NOT A THOUGHT OF TOMORROW'S THAT CAME.  
BUT THE NEEDLE SCARRED TISSUE OF MY BODY,  
WILL BEAT THE WITNESS OF A TERRIBLE GAME.

YET EVEN AS I BEGIN MY DESCENT,  
FROM THE TOWERING HEIGHTS I HAVE SEEN.  
I KNOW FULLY WELL I'LL GIVE IN AGAIN,  
FOR I'M AN ADDICT AND TO A CRUTCH I MUST CLING.

# Book Review *by*

*Sanford Proghornick*  
*Marquette, Michigan*

THE KING'S BED --- By, Margaret Campbell Barnes, (Macare Smith Company)---When two cloaked horsemen come riding pell mell down the rain-splattered street, Tansy Marsh wonders why the rich, belted travelers have selected her father's inn, with the ostentatious sign of his more successful rival hanging so invitingly across the way. But Robert Marshe's sign of the White Boar carries the badge he fought under with Richard III when the King was Duke of Gloucester, and with the cohorts of upstart Henry Tudor, threatening a renewal of the long, tiresome civil wars, of the Red and White Roses, the King's riders are seeking only faithful friends. As a result of their coming greed and patnos, kindly humor, tragedy and tender love will have their day at the White Boar Inn, which is to become notable, infamous and sensational in turn because the King spent his last night there in his richly carved traveling bed.

But, stranger still, in a brief encounter with one of the loveliest, most mis-understood men of history--a crown in the thornbush is to be the symbol of his fate--Tansy Marsh is charged with delivering the king's last message to a youth of Plantegenet origin who will come to mean life itself to her; and so it happens that the monarch whose names will become a synonym for hatred leaves a private legacy of loyalty unrecorded by history.

Against the rich-tapestried background of Bosworth Field and the dawning Tudor era, Margaret Campbell Barnes has woven one of her most appealing historical novels.

\*\*\*

Walking along a dimly lighted street, a gentleman was suddenly approached by a stranger moving out of the shadows. "Please, sir," said the stranger, "would you be so kind as to help a poor unfortunate fellow who is hungry and out of work? All I have in the world is this gun.

# *Tears in my Eyes* *B. Fisher and Beaver*

I WAS DREAMING I HAD YOU BACK AGAIN  
HOLDING YOU THE WAY I USED TO DO.  
SOMETHING TOLD ME THAT THIS WASN'T TRUE  
CAUSE I WOKE UP WITH TEAR-GAS IN MY EYES.

WHILE DREAMING, YOUR LIPS WERE A BURNING SENSATION  
THAT I WAS BGGING YOU NOT TO GO.  
AND TEARS STARTED FLOWING DOWN MY CHEEKS  
AND ALL THE TIME, IT WAS TEAR-GAS IN MY EYES.

WHILE LYING HERE AND WISHING IT WAS SO  
THOUGH I'M WIPING TEARS FROM MY EYES.  
MY LIPS AND CHEEKS STILL BURN WITH YOUR KISS  
I FINALLY REALIZED IT WAS ONLY TEAR-GAS IN MY EYES.

## *A Thought by Gary Allen*

MY LOVE FOR ONE IS MUCH STRONGER,  
TO PROVE THIS I CAN'T WAIT MUCH LONGER.  
I THINK OF THOSE GOOD TIMES AS WELL,  
BUT THEN I AM DISTURBED BY THE SIGHT OF MY CELL.

MY TIME IS SHORT BUT STILL A PAIN,  
FOR THE TROUBLE AND WORRY I STILL GAIN.  
ONE CHANCE I HAD, WITH A PAROLE,  
I VIOLATED, WHY I DON'T KNOW.

NOW MY THOUGHTS ARE BACK TO MY LOVE,  
AS I ASK FORGIVENESS FROM ABOVE  
I LEAVE YOU NOW WITH THIS THOUGHT,  
I'M GOING TO MAKE IT WHEN I LEAVE,  
BECAUSE I'M NOT COMING BACK HERE TO ROT.



# Prison is a Place

*by Harley Sorenson*

What is prison like? It's not the same for everyone; the prison I know is different than the prison you know.

I have been asked to dip back into my nine years under lock and key and describe the prison I know. I'll do my best...and hope that I'll be able to describe, at least in part, the prison you know.

PRISON IS A PLACE where the first thing you notice is a very shiny spittoon. You wonder who had to polish that spittoon, and you wonder how much of your life in prison will be spent polishing spittoons. (You are later relieved to find that none of it is.)

PRISON IS A PLACE where the first prisoner you see looks like an All-American college boy, and you're surprised. Later you're disgusted because people on the outside still have the same prejudices about prisoners that you used to have.

PRISON IS A PLACE where you write letters and can't think of anything to say. Where you gradually write fewer and fewer letters and finally stop writing altogether.

PRISON IS A PLACE where hope springs eternal, where each parole board appearance means a chance to get out, even if the odds are hopelessly against you.

PRISON IS A PLACE where the flame in every man burns low. For some it goes out. For most it flickers weakly, sometimes flashes brightly, but never seems to burn as bright as it once did.

PRISON IS A PLACE where you find gray hairs in your head, or where you find your hair starting to disappear. It's a place where you get false teeth, stronger glasses and aches and pains you never felt before. It's a place where you grow old and worry about it.

PRISON IS A PLACE where you hate through clenched teeth, where you want to beat and choke and kick and scratch. But just as often as not you don't know who you want to do these things to, and you wonder if the psychologists know what they're talking about when they say you actually hate yourself.

PRISON IS A PLACE where you learn that nobody needs

you, that the outside world goes on without you.

PRISON IS A PLACE where you can go for years without feeling the touch of a human hand, where you can go for months without hearing a kind word. It is a place where your friendships are shallow and you know it.

PRISON IS A PLACE where you hear about a friend's divorce, and you didn't even know he was married. It is a place where you hear about your neighbor's kids graduating from school and you thought they hadn't started yet.

PRISON IS A PLACE where you feel sorry for yourself. Then you get disgusted with yourself for feeling sorry for yourself; then you get mad for feeling disgusted, and try to mentally change the subject.

PRISON IS A PLACE where you lose respect for the law, because you see it raw and naked, twisted and bent and ignored and blown out of proportion to suit the people who enforce it.

PRISON IS A PLACE where you're smarter than the parole board because you know which guys will go straight and which ones won't. You're wrong just as often as the board members are, but you never admit it and neither do they.

PRISON IS A PLACE where you forget the sound of a baby's cry. You forget the sound of a dog's bark or even the sound of the dial tone on the telephone.

PRISON IS A PLACE where you wait for a promised visit. When it doesn't come, you worry about a car accident. Then, when you find out the reason your visitors didn't come, you're glad because it wasn't serious-and disappointed because such a little thing could keep them from coming to see you.

PRISON IS A PLACE where a letter from home or from a lawyer can be like a telegram from the War Department. When you see it lying on your bed, you're afraid to open it. But you do anyway, and you usually end up disappointed or angry.

PRISON IS A PLACE where you see men you do not admire and you wonder if you are like them. It is a place where you strive to remain civilized, but where you lose ground and know it.

PRISON IS A PLACE where you forget what put you there, where you have a vague idea that you are being punished but you don't know for what.

PRISON IS A PLACE where, if you're married, you watch

your marriage die. It is a place where you learn that absence does not make the heart grow fonder, and where you stop blaming your wife for wanting a real live man instead of a fading memory of one.

PRISON IS A PLACE where you go to bed before you're tired, where you pull the blanket over your head when you're not cold. It is a place where you can escape-by reading, by playing games, by dreaming, or by going mad.

PRISON IS A PLACE where you fool yourself, where you promise yourself you'll live a better life when you leave. Sometimes you do, but more often you don't.

PRISON IS A PLACE where you get out some day. When you do you wonder how everyone else can be so calm when you're so excited. When the bus driver goes over 25 miles per hour you want to tell him to slow down, but you don't because you know it's foolish.



1-31  
bow  
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**"First thing we gotta get you, boss, is a new wardrobe!"**

# Point of View *by Norman Ferguson*

There seems to be a trend of thought in this country today that suggests a means of halting the rising crime rate by restricting those rights granted to the accused criminal by our Constitution. Another method is offered by some of our Law Enforcement Officials. They make a claim that if their hands were not tied and they were given more leeway in dealing with the criminal they could greatly reduce the rising crime rate. And last, but certainly not the least worthy of attention comes a plea from a growing block of the citizens of this great nation. They ask for harsher punitive measures and for less coddling and pampering of convicted criminals.

I realize that these problems and their suggested solutions have been discussed over and over again. In this article I will offer no iron-clad assured way of solving these or any other social problems, but I will attempt to clear the stagnant air with a new and, I hope, fresh approach to these problems. And last of all I hope to offer a humane approach to these problems, many of which have become injected with the poison of man's inhumanity to man.

Rest assured that suppresion or restriction of those rights afforded to each individual under our Constitution's "Bill of Rights" would result in more convictions in our courts. But when and if this atrocious idea becomes reality, be certain that the death knell of liberty in this country will be heard around the world. For it was on the Constitution that this country was founded, and for it not to provide the same and equal protection for one and all would be totamount to pulling the foundation out from under the Empire State Building. Democracy, like the building, will not stand with anything LESS than the original foundation.

What then of the Policeman's cry to UNSHACKLE the hands of the Law Enforcement agencies; to allow them a free hand in dealing with the criminal?

Mr. Paul Harvey, a noted Radio Commentator, in a speech made recently to businessmen of Missoula told how "Get Tough" policies in some American Cities have great-



ly reduced the crime rates. The policies which Mr. Harvey refers to are certainly enough to make anyone flinch with fear. I imagine that there are a lot of men throughout the land who bear physical or mental scars of the barbaric practices of policemen used in extracting statements from alledged criminals. But thankfully through proper instruction and training of our Law Enforcement officials these practices have all but vanished. Now more than a few advocate their return. In assesing this facet of the problem the Policeman's job must be kept in a proper perspective. First he is responsible for the protection of the society which employs him. Second he is charged with the prevention of crime. Third when a crime against society is committed he is then responsible for the apprehension and detention of the suspected criminal. In no way is he responsible for determining guilt or punishment of the guilty party. One has only to remember the Third Reich's "GESTAPO" to surmise what happens when you allow unrestricted Law Enforcement. Law Enforcement Agencies must be governed by the very same laws which they are sworn to uphold.

The last and perhaps the loudest cry comes from a growing block of the adult population. The sound of the demand of an end to the coddling and pampering of the incarcerated criminal and the apalling call for harsher punitive measures bear overtones of a time better left forgotten; ie. the days of an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth type of justice.

There was a time in this country when measures used to deal with the incarcerated criminal were so harsh that men died under them. But these treatments were rehabilitative in the sense that they changed the men who lived under the fear of them by making him more crafty, cunning and more than ever determined not to "BE CAUGHT THE NLXT TIME". Contrary to popular belief, these measures did little to prevent crime or to dissuade men from that type of life.

It has only been in the past few years that any constructive stips have been made towards curing this "illness" that affects approximately 350,000 Americans. The recent movement of such organizations as: Jaycees, AA, etc., into the treatment programs of our penal institutions has certainly helped to a degree. I also believe that it would be safe to admit that Sociologists, and

Psychiatrists have done more to alleviate the crime problem than all the guns, cat 'O' nine tails and dismal dungeons in the world will ever do. And now it seems that even the small headway that has been gained will be stopped by the inept, uneducated, uninformed bungling masses. The irony of the whole thing is worse than preposterous. No rational person with the facts before him can argue that crime is on the rise. Nor can he argue that incarceration for long periods of time does little more than embitter the individual towards the society he feels is responsible for his tenure behind prison walls. The fact that young offenders placed in prison learn no trade better than those of burglary, forgery, etc. should tell us something. The fact that voters and legislators are concerned about the high cost of keeping a man separated from society for any length of time is unchallengeable. What I challenge are those "Do Gooders" who, because it is camp at the moment to show an interest in social problems, stand on soapboxes and spout meaningless phrases for the benefit of the multitudes. Phrases and slogans solve very few tangible problems. In fact, the majority of the time they only serve to cloud the situation.

The real problem, I feel, is the apathetic attitude of the public itself. It is this total, calloused indifference which will continue to defeat us at every turn. Until the public becomes aroused enough to want the problems solved, until they become genuinely and sincerely interested as a nation to the point where legislators and law makers are forced to do more than just make the problem a political issue, no workable solution will be forthcoming. Something must knock us literally from the rut of letting "John do it" or things will remain undone. Perhaps the problem is best summed up by quoting a syndicated columnist, one Sidney J. Harris, who said, "What the bulk of society really want is for the unpleasant people to go away and not bother anybody." By unpleasant people Mr. Harris refers to all who are labeled as social problems of today. The poor, the criminal, the hard-core unemployed and the rebellious youth. I freely admit this is a solution. But I wonder that it is the best solution that a nation so advanced they will put a man on the moon this year can come up with. Believe me America, we aren't simply going to disappear because you wish it. Yes, close your

eyes and ears to our cry for help but when you decide to see and hear again we will still be here and nothing will have changed. Did I say nothing will be changed, I neglected to mention that things will probably be a little worse.



*"I don't make the news, Mister . . .  
I only sell it."*

No one can dispute the fact that Playboy magazine accomplished the impossible. They have taken plain, ordinary, every day things and turned them into....well, see for yourself.

Dad leaves the latest issue laying around and Junior finds it. Shortly after you tell him to go out and find himself some Playmates you will notice that his pimples have disappeared, he didn't have enough wind to make the football squad, his grades have begun to drop, and he's asking for a new car along with a \$200.00 increase in his allowance, which brings it up to \$200.35 per week. And wait till he comes in and asks if he can put his Bunny in his room. That's the time for good old Dad to do some checking. On second thought, maybe good old Mom better do the checking. Anyway, I'm sure you get the picture.

Remember, "a Bunny a day keeps the doctor away....."

# From The

## Warden's Office

To the majority of the inmates at Montana State Prison I know that parole is, undoubtedly, the subject that occupies their collective minds at least ninety percent of the time.

When the parole board approves a parole the battle is only half won. The inmate must have an approved plan before he can be released. Normally this is a job plan. Occassionally the paroling authority will release a young inmate to a family plan. This usually means the young man can go home and complete his schooling that was interrupted upon his conviction of a felony.

Those of you who must find employment should keep in mind, when writing letters or during personal interviews with prospective employers, the following DO's & DON'T's.

### DO's

- Do stress your qualifications for the job opening.
- Do indicate your stability and good safety record.
- Do recount experience you have had which would fit you for the job.
- Do talk and think, as far as possible, about the future rather than the past.
- Do remember that older employees are capable, dependable, trainable, careful and steady.
- Do try to learn something about the employer and/or company before you contact them.
- Do assume an air of confidence.

### DON'T's

- Don't keep stressing your need for a job.
- Don't discuss past unfortunate experiences.
- Don't apologize for your age.
- Don't be untidy in appearance.
- Don't display over-confidence.
- Don't beg for consideration
- Don't be one of those fellows who can do anything.
- Don't hedge in answering questions.
- Don't start expressing your opinion on wages, hours, vacations, etc.
- Don't hesitate to fill out an application, laying everything in your background on the line. Be willing to take physical exams or intelligence tests if required.
- Don't try to prolong an interview to gain points. This is an excellent way to lose consideration for a job.



The objectives I am trying to get across could be summed up in a few words, "Look the prospective employer straight in the eye and don't try to hide your past. The future is the thing that you are doing your best to sell!"  
EE/mm

Signed: Ed Ellsworth, Jr.



## The Forgotten Race

We awake on the Reservation with no thoughts of self preservation, all our thinking is done for us, by a name on a door, - a "white" man in office!

Indians were isolated to keep them in line; that was a hundred years before our time, we're still paying for a mistake; our ancestors made defending their rightful place!

People talk of equalization and future help for the "Redmans" nation. They promised to honor our treaties and deal with us fair, but still conditions exist, that shouldn't be there.

Indians are slaves, on their own land, tho' they are free to travel, where can they stand - who is to fight for our God given rights, - outside of a few sympathetic whites!

Where are our rights expressed in the constitution, or is this just an Indian's illusion? Are my people a forgotten race, destined to remain in this far-away place?

Education and Understanding is the answer to the Indian's dreams, instead of riots, demonstrations and political esteem. But my people have got to leave their lands or remain forever - LOST IN THE SANDS...-Anonymous

# Hen House



Greetings from the Hen House here across the street. Since there has been a new complete change, I am now having Pat for my helper in the office and our new cook in the kitchen is Cheryl. Mary, the lil' one, left us for that sweet taste of the good life. We are keeping our fingers crossed for her. She is missed by all, especially yours truly, as I have no one to fight with anymore. Except for Pat.

Our motto is trying to leave the "S" in soul around here. Sometimes it's sort of hard without benefits of greens, chitterlings and the rest of the Soul food we're used to. But quiet as it's kept we do turn out some pretty swinging meals, thanks to Cheryl. Say, just ask Jerry, she's always going for seconds. I think she sneaks in for the 3rd helping. Better watch out Jerry. (She's too fat for me.) You heard the song, didn't you? "Oh, Oh Bubbles."

Velma B. is on the loose without her glasses. Better glue things down. That's the Matron, Buboles, that ain't the chair. I never did find out who can sing the best, Pat, Mrs. Fields or Mr. Erickson. Guess who?

Well, we still haven't been introduced to our new-comer but she must be doing pretty good. Every now and then there's a blast-off with "Hello Walls." (Romona) What's this with Cheryl being a ranch hand?

Mr. Giles has a new pastime dropping peanuts in boxes for the mail room girls. Better give him another hobby permit, Mr. Ronemose. By the way, Mr. Ronemose, things are dead enough around here without having movies about morgues. (The Loved One) How did you fellows grab it? Was you afraid?

Say, does anybody know the zip code for Ireland? I still can't find it.

How come we couldn't go to the variety show? Couldn't you guys invite us? We could have given you some of our variety and song for you. We got some talent too because there's ranch hands around here, huh Cheryl?

Who gives us those swinging rides from the Women's Quarters to the office, Mrs. Dodge? He's a real smarty isn't he?

Mr. Gibhart, if you'd bring a tour of interns instead of student nurses through here we wouldn't turn our backs to the door. By the way, that was a nice speech you and Mrs. Erath gave on the 13th. Should have more speakers like her, right Gibhart?

Who always finds surprises in her desk, Pat? Wish you guys all the luck, that is for the ones going up for parole soon. We have a few gals here also that will be facing the parole board. Scarey feeling isn't it? Pat and I have sore necks by the time we come back from the office. Too many doors. But it's fun, isn't it Mr. Nimoe? All eyeballs and no teeth, that's us. Hey, who's the sneaky stenographer? I meant to say photographer. He's always full of surprises.

Better quit before this pen writes something I don't want it to.

Bye ya' all

See you next month

Alycia

28 inmates went up for parole in April and twelve (12) made the grade and thirteen (13) were denied paroles. This also includes three female inmates, which of two were granted paroles and one didn't make it. Three waived their hearings until a later date. The three P.V.'s were all passed to discharge. Discussion cases, there were ten and three made it. Ten Reconsideration cases and none of them made it.



Radio & Card Room -Our radio and card room is very comfortably furnished. Here we can play cards, games, work on our hobbies, write letters, study, listen to the radio or have a plain old fashioned "gab session." No hot gossip! Just gab. It is a good place to relax with a good book and good music.

--Jerry L. B.





Rec Room -This is where we hold our AA meetings, and when we can get someone to play the piano for us, it's also our music room. We are issued all our clothing from the issue room, just off this room  
-Cheryl S.



TV Room --Obviously this is where we watch TV! On Sundays our movies are shown in here. Tuesdays we visit with the Sisters here, and on Thursdays, Mr. Gendle and Mr. Miles come in for a group therapy session on alcohol and drugs. Mostly it's nother room to gab in! And lately it's become a gym; some of the girls have been exercising in here. Guess they figure to lose some weight! Good luck to them.

--CheerV1 :-



Laundry and Sewing room --All our washing and ironing are done here. Any sewing that needs to be done is done here. All our white blouses and tan skirts are made by the inmates. -Cheryl E.



Segregation - here is where all new inmates are held until cleared by the doctor.  
It is also our punishment area.

-Cheryl S.





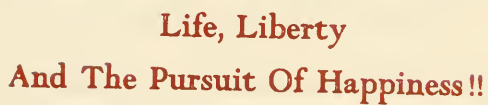
Bedrooms,-Our bedrooms are comfortably furnished with a bed, dresser, and desk. We're allowed to have a few personal items in our rooms, such as make-up and pictures. Also books if kept neatly stacked on our dressers or desks. At the present time we all have separate rooms.

-Cheryl S.

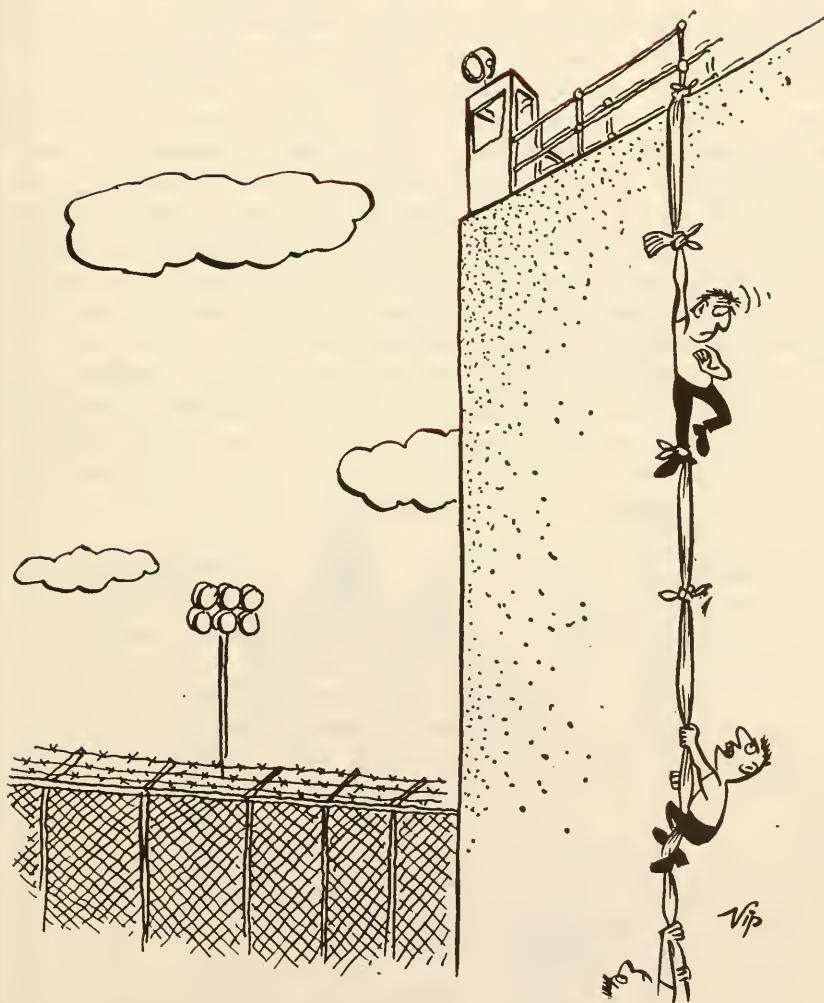


Kitchen -The kitchen is a modern attractive room with a new up-right freezer, a large refrigerator, an electric stove and plenty of cupboard and work space. It is attractively decorated and kept bright and shining at each meal and made easy with double sinks. The girls in reception have their dishes done in a separate sink.

-Jerry L.B.



TRUE



"You wanted in on the break. Well, you're *in*, aren't you?"

# Weightlifting *by* A. K. Fisher

Lifting weights not only develops muscles to a high degree, but also helps to release that locked-up feeling for a time, which I believe is important to most people in prison.

In attempting to explain, it must be kept in mind, this article is extremely condensed (squeezed) to take up less room and does not make an attempt to answer all the questions there are under this subject.

To put in a simple schedule for lifting weights, a man must eat more foods such as meat, vegetables and whatever other foods there are that contains a vast amount of proteins whenever they are served. He must drink plenty of water, unless his main interest is losing weight. He must get plenty of sleep when he goes to bed, that means he must not take himself on trips late into the night or staying awake thinking of bygone days or discharge and so forth. Especially, he must stick to his weight lifting schedule.

In order to do all this he must work in order to produce a noticeable change. "WORK", however, does not mean -- insofar as that goes -- that it is done without reference to what he is trying to do. The work in lifting weights must be deliberate and specific and intentional.

Before going on, consider, or at least recognize the fact that muscle tissue is made up of 73% - 78% water, (hydrogen-Oxide, sodium-chloride, etc., as it exists in the muscle cell - salt water). About 20% protein, which is too complex to consider any further than knowing a muscle cell has that much of it. And the rest is made up of potassium, calcium, magnesium and so on down the scale, or table of elements, which ever you prefer to call it.

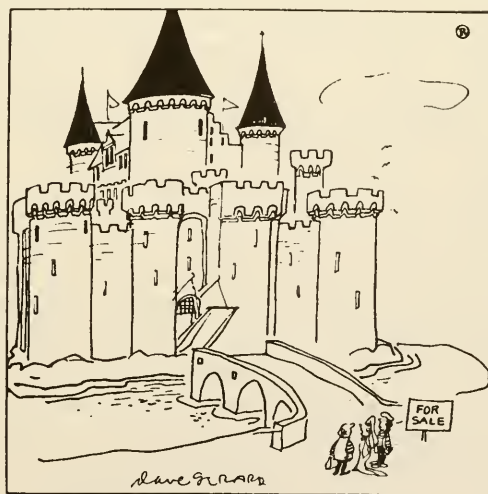
Now, the contraction period (shortening and thickening of a muscle fiber) of a muscle begins with the break-down of a complex chemical within the muscle cells. This energy lasts for only a brief period. Extremely brief, about the time it takes to blink your eyes. When the contraction reaches its peak (when it can't contract any further) it is what they call a latent period



(hidden period - which means in this context, a state of rest which lasts  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the time it took you to blink your eyes. Followed by a period during which the muscle is supplied with oxygen (the air which has been breathed in) and for the burning (oxidation) of the food you ate, this being referred to as a period of recovery. The total time it takes, according to my information, is about 0.001 second and this is only a "twitch" of the muscle. Now, think of what is involved in lifting a ten pound weight. Oh yeah, and one more thing that some people misunderstand of the "warming-up" as it's called. The effect of the temperature on you is of very little importance because your body is supposed to be able to maintain a fairly constant temperature (98.6) in which all the chemical changes occur at their greatest efficiency.

The locked-up feeling I mentioned in the first paragraph might be more commonly known as "Pulling hard time." Whether lifting weights actually does help to keep an inmate from pulling hard time, I don't know, I can't say, it only seems that way to me.

In conclusion: If you don't lift weights for your self, who will lift for you? If you are not lifting weights for your self only, who are you lifting for? If not now, when? ---- Think about it.



**"What about closet space?"**

# From The

## OLD BUZZARD'S ROOST

by Mutt



The camera done went "kaput" fellas', that is the reason why we were late with the April Edition and this edition, but I hope things get under control soon. I do believe they will be able to get parts for the ancient picture-taking machine we have been using. It was one of the older models, say around 1800....But anyway, did you all hear about the mail man who was a dope addict? He was the only one who handled the junk mail, ahem!...Napee said that it was cold out thar, and those Post-dogpatch blankets didn't keep him warm in those one-room-no-water topless faltcars. He is going to stay right here at MSF for the duration....Century (Brown) playing it cool, after loosing the nomination for the Academy Award...Recently a woman in Springfield Mo., filed for her senced divorce from the same man. She has twelve minor children and one of her complaints was that he was cold and indifferent....Smokey (McIlhargey) the Larrow of the Institution....Napee doesn't know what to think of this new generation and the new word that they have come up with, HIP: He wonders if it means to hep someone or, she broke her hep? He couldn't tell after hearing someone say: "IARD bless them fellas!" He knew he was slick, but - IARD? Hmmm....Lester (Azure) was a rebound victim on the basketball court....A new shipment of manure-kickers and a few hundred books, both non-fiction and fiction have arrived at the library. So come on down and see whats cookin'...A few of the boys' from out at Rothe Hall came in last month for a short siesta....Innocent until proven guilty: Your financial status will be checked. If you have money you're still innocent....Notice how good the pictures have been turning out in this ole' "rag!" Arent double-ought seven and seven-eights (Henderson) getting to be a real cracker-jack when it comes to bruning these photographic masters...Overheard out in the yard: "I sure hope I don't become as institutionalized as some of the people who work here!"...What's this I hear about Robert Miller's black Volkswagon...In North Carolina, when a bathtub fell from a truck, three men

put the snatch on it before the trucker could stop and retrieve it, and then in Manila, someone lobbed 13,600 feet of phone wire and in Denmark, a thief stole most of the power line and left most of the town completely dark....Bill Thomas quitting the Registrar's Office for a soft job as the swamper on 7 gallery, and then taking a crack at a job out at Dothe Hall as a machanic at VMC. ...Although burglars walked away with a roof in Kemp, Texas, Tulsa, Oklahoma, lost a large metal building, and then something a bit heavier was stolen in Camden, New Jersey: A road grader over 35 feet in length and it weighed out in tons....The library with a new runner (Wilton)....20,000 warms were wiggled away from a bait dealer in New Mexico and a prowler in another Texas town stole 46 canaries from an old lady, and then one can only wonder what the thief wanted with 26 miles of unstuffed sausage skins that were taken in Cambridge, England....Bill Dale, the ex-library runner getting some kind of treatment at the hospital for a new revolutionary ailment....Weather Report: high winds. Followed by high skirts. Followed by me....And then this rancher in Arizona, awoke one morning and discovered thieves not only cut and removed all the hay from his field, but had used his own baler to bundle it up and off, but the award for this kind of maneuver is given to the thieves who, in India, carried away more than 130,000 tons of standing rice from over 250 acres of ground, using 500 persons to do so....The photographer (George Stroisch) holding up the IF News on account of a busted camera....Not lacking nerve, burglars stole four gavels in Helso, Washington, and it appears that only one judge has a gavel left, and in another court back in Laramie, Wyoming a thief made off with the wall clock and an enterprising fellow in a California jail busted the safe and walked away with \$925....Hangover: Grapes of Wrath...."Diamond" Gene and Doney have a brew that they call "mountain brew"....It has been known for sometime in and around this prison that Cliff (Wilson) is an exchange student from Miles City....For sheer gall, a man in Detroit was sitting in his wheelchair and was robbed of \$229, and in England, one poor victim lost his arm (artificial) during a robbery thar....Stretch (Brittingham) giving up his runners patches for a job in the Industries Office, Ummmm..... Rehabilitation: Something to talk about while you're being punished....Jack (Kochadofer) initiating a new nu-

mber system in the clothing room...Spring is in the air and convicts are breaking out all over...The School with a new runner....Sign in a Nursery: Brat Control....A few inmates that use to be in school, were seen using a little elbow grease while cleaning up the kitchen....The Pill: A gadget to be used in any conceivable circumstances....All inmates in the Cellhouse getting clean blankets after the tear-gas episode....Female Scuba: Lady go diva....Pete (Cameron) the old Office Swamper was seen strutting around out at Rothe Hall on his new job as some kind of a construction worker....As swampers come and go, Jack (LaFere) is now pushing the mop on 6 gallery...According to a reliable source there will be milk served at each meal, as soon as there are enough available containers. What's the matter with a few old tin cans? They served the p rpose under the bridge..Haricot: A trim around the ears...Seen 'loyce (Little Light) hamming it up in the G-m as the music went round'and round'....If you have ever complained about the high cost of education, consider these facts: 4 years fo college cost less than or about (\$8,000) 4 years in prison about (\$13,000)...They transferred Old Bull from Bollie's Crew to the Dairy. Now just think - an old bull amongst all those thar young heifers.... Gene Diamond" Grant getting up a marble team to play the inside. They can't beat the inside in any other kind of sport....On a clear summer night, if you search the sky carefully you will see a fuzzy patch of light just beyond the lower lefthand corner of the Great Square of Pegasus. That is the Spiral Galaxy in Andromeda, or M-31. It is 1,750,000 light years away. It is as large as our Milky way Galaxy. It is only one of a hundred million galaxies and consists of a hundred billion suns, each larger than our own sun. Astronomers have sighted galaxies that are 10 billion light years away from us. DO YOU STILL FEEL LIKE A BIG MAN???

**Life is just a game of see-saw.** Some days we are up, some days we are down. It is well to remember when we are up that we shall probably go down again, and when we are down, that we shall surely go up again.—Anonymous

Today 95% of American young people complete the eighth grade, 70% graduate from high school, almost one-fourth graduate from college. One in 18 receives a master's degree, and one in 100 a doctorate.—American School News



# HAR & THAR

*Mutt*

## COP-CUT AFT

HOLYOKE, Mass. (AP) -Police said a man rented an apartment, painted the walls, windows and refrigerator black, then left without paying his rent.

## ONE GOOD TURN

MEMPHIS, Tenn. (AP) -Two strangers helped Irmett Winn push his car out of a ditch near his home. But, Winn told police, when he started to thank them, they pushed him in the ditch and drove off with his car.

ATLANTA, Ga. -(IN CROWD NEWS) -November 27, Gov. Lester Maddox reprieved 415 prisoners for the Thanksgiving and Christmas Holidays. In ceremonies held in the House Chamber at the State Capitol 191 of the former inmates and their families heard the Governor compare their sufferings.

He told the inmates that their sufferings were nothing in comparison to the agony their loved ones endured.

"They've suffered ten times, yes, thousands of times more than you, and they're innocent," Maddox declared.

"They need you. Don't make them suffer one hour more because of you going to prison.

The Governor also said, "Some of you may not have a Thanksgiving dinner, but you're free; thank God for it."

Joining Maddox in this fourth reprieve with special consideration for inmates were: J.O. Partain, Chairman for the Pardons and Parole Board; Sam Caldwell, Labor Commissioner; Jack Nix, Superintendent of Education; and W. S. Nix, Superintendent of CTDC.

Mr. Nix was on hand to say goodbye to the twelve inmates with less than 90 days left remaining in their sentences for the Christmas Release. The State Labor Department talks to each inmate prior to this special release in attempts to assist them with employment and to insure that they have the opportunity to earn three pay-checks before Christmas. Last year's released affected 6% of the total population.

## EDUCATION AID PAYS OFF

COLUMBIA, S.C. (AP) -Nine former inmates who finished

courses in computer operation at the South Carolina State Penitentiary have completed their sentences and are earning between \$6,500 and \$10,000 a year the state superintendent of education said.

Supt. Cyril Busbee spoke to the second class of 32 men and women prisoners who were graduated from courses in the prison's "Operation Pushbutton."

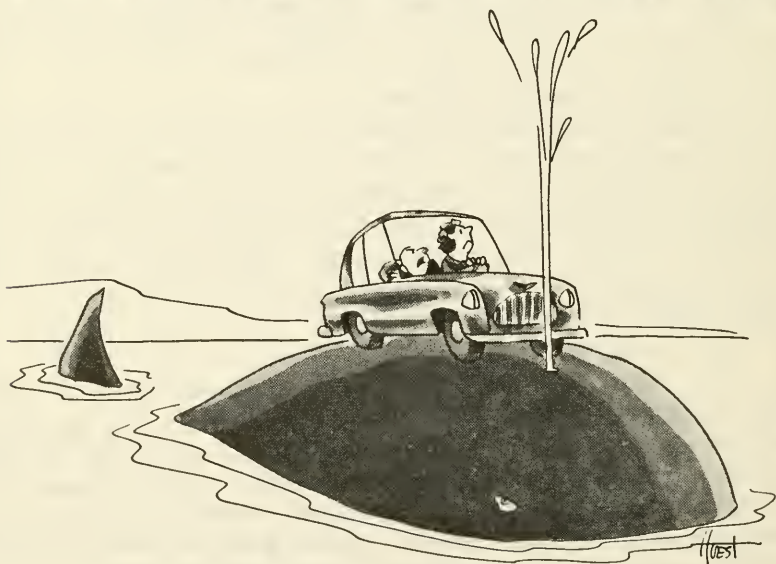
"Education can show the way to true freedom and independence," he said. Of the new graduates, 12 were women in key punch operation courses.

The two-year program financed by state and federal fund, ends July 1.

#### LISBON PRISONERS BUILD OWN JAIL

LISBON (AP) -A new penitentiary to replace the 95-year old structure in Lisbon is being built by the prisoners.

Inmates of the Lisbon Penitentiary will move to their new home in Alcoentre 50 kilometers north of here as soon as prison construction gangs complete the finishing touches. The prisoners building the new "pen" are on a rehabilitation project. The old building will be demolished to make room for a new palace of justice.



*"Can't I take a nap for a minute without you getting us in some kind of trouble?"*



# Court Appointed Attorney

It would be safe to assume that the majority of the inmates here in this institution have had at one time or another, a court-appointed attorney.

It was only after talking with a number of inmates here that prompted this editorial, with the question in mind of whether or not this attorney, did in fact, really try to defend the indigent defendant, or just wished to get the ordeal over as promptly as possible.

Almost to a man, it was said that he, the attorney either didn't care enough to properly represent the defendant, or he was a corporation attorney and therefore, not skilled in the ways of criminal law, and consequently, couldn't provide an adequate defense to the accused.

A very few men questioned, stated that they had as good a lawyer and as fine a defense properly presented by the court-appointed attorney even though they had not the funds to pay the fee that would have been required.

But the answer more often given was: "No. The guy that court appointed to defend me only talked with me once or twice and both of those times he tried to get me to plead guilty." Apparently this happens more than it doesn't, lending an undiserable color to the attorneys who do try their free cases; work hard to correlate the evidence for the defense and otherwise do all that they can to justify their calling in a field that is fraught with complications.

There are, of course, cases on record, where the State and Federal Courts have reversed criminal cases because of the incompetence of the court-appointed attorney. These are rare, but they do happen.

Generally, it seems that this creature of the court who has no real interest in the defendant overlooks vital points, critical examination of facts and witnesses, and never really puts his heart into the cause, where he should be the proverbial 'ball of fire' if he were a paid lawyer.

It's difficult to deride attorneys in general, because it only serves to do us additional harm, but there are times when something should be done about it. The only real answer to what could possibly be done, and to assure



yourself that you would be competently represented, is to discharge the attorney if you feel that he is not doing his best to defend you and your interest, or pay him. An old English proverb states the cause of monetary return for the attorney: "A lawyer's opinion is worth nothing unless paid for."

There are dedicated attorneys that are appointed to defend indigent defendants. These are hard to find. The majority is apparently with the latter, but maybe in the years to come we will find that there are more and more of the attorneys who will fight for law and the indigent defendant, then those who will barely stand up in court and make their presence know.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following is an Editorial from the Jefftown Journal, and I believe it speaks for itself.)



Drawing by Whitney Darrow Jr. © 1967 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

**'They demand a guaranteed annual wage, four weeks' paid vacation, and an early retirement program, and I do not think, sir, that they will accept "Off with their heads" as a responsive answer to these demands.'**

# The American Paradox

*by Joseph Hunsinger*

Dear editor: Your splendid editorial (Jan) aroused my interest; it connotes profundity and unusual ability to discern (P.4) for example: "Youth respect American ideals of free speech, Democracy, Free Enterprise, etc., glad you did underline that word "ideals" - for that is about all that remains of the three implications. I think I can add to your article; Economic First: Over the decades I have been a spectator to the slow, gradual but nevertheless, inexorable transition from free enterprise to the present conglomerates plus monopoly capital. The outstanding paradox anent "free enterprise, and especially its own Achilles heel is simply: How to keep "free enterprise - free? Who ever heard tell of the Du Ponts prior to WWI (they had a shack on an alley in Passaic N.J., if I remember right) and now they control General Motors - largest corporate giant extant.

I witnessed the Carnation Company swallow up Albers Milling co; The Borden combine devoured Casco Glue People; in groceries I saw Safeway move clear up to second only - The Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company, known as A & P; while thousands of little free enterprisers (corner grocers) vanished; along casualty list in autos; Hudson, Essex, Packard, Dorr, Star, Harmon, Stutz Bearcat, Jewett, Chalmers, Willys Knight (sleeve Valve) Overland, Maxwell, Stephens, Oakland, etc., are just a memory. Studebaker - Packard merger failed to save either one; Studebaker moved to Canada from South Bend, Indiana but, in vain, even then went belly-up, now making parts only. In rails the greatest amalgam in all history i.e., Northern Pacific, Great Northern, Burlington and C.P.R.R. (Spokane, Portland, Seattle) a 27,000 mile network even surpasses New York Central and the Pnsny merger. In Ranches; King Ranch (Texas) Campbell Farms; the great \$100 Million Rankin Ranch; Real Estate Empire; and many others in all categories. Last October, RCA made overtures to take over St. Louis Paper Company, a pure stock deal, no cash involved, but like the big rail merger above scared off by too much government meddling. Follows 3 old companies; (1) "We can't even make an intel-

ligent business decision without worrying whether it will leave us more vulnerable to a corporate take-over."

(2) A market entry decision is pure hell. We are only a medium sized company and if we do well in a new market, some corporate behemoth might gobble us up just for a new market."

(3) Our Management is old and we're trying to bring in new blood to pep the company up. Now we don't know if it's worth trying to save. No matter what we try to do to preserve our family run business - some corporate Goliath can move in and take us over." So - here is your Achilles heel of "Free enterprise: How to keep it free?" Government interference: No, thank you. I got a belly-full of that in the Third Reich. I remind you that Fascism is defined as: "An economic system based on state-controlled capitalism." There you have it - but now hear this: Now again, as in the past, we have abuses and malpractice by the conglomerates (due to human avarice and human fallacy) but with a difference. For the first time the fiats are using debentures in acquisition of stock or equity - and unheard of thing in the past. Loew got Lorillard for \$400 million of debentures; Gulf & Western acquired Associates Investment; National General got Great American; Avco took Seaboard Finance, etc., and on and on. The result, of course, will be Government meddling, Government interference - and finally - Government control - (Fascism). I recall 3 or 4 decades ago, the Great Trust Buster, Thurman Arnold, who "successfully" prosecuted about 500 corbos, trusts, Cartels, holding companies, etc., and now 3 or 4 decades later we have a plethora of the same thing only on a much larger magnitude - so - why all the fuss? I have reached the conclusion that the trend and the transition are inevitable.

Under Kennedy - Johnson we had Walter Heller - Gardner Ackley - George F. Key as heads of CEA (Council of Economic Advisors) who initiated the "New Economics" (Keynesian) fashioned after (British) John Maynard Keynes: but it reminds me most of all of Heidler's financial wizard in the Third Reich - Hjalmar Schacht for the modus operandi and results were alarmingly similar. Both Heller and Schacht achieved a fantastic high rate of economic growth; both were based on artificial - pseudo war prosperity; both were motivated by political expediency; both resulted in economic "over-steering" which in turn

caused the worst business uncertainty and highest inflation in 17 years and highest interest rates in all history; both can raise or lower taxes sans congressional Cf here, it is Wilbur Mills (ways and means) and in the current hassle. To me, the 5% sluggish rate of economic growth under Eisenhower's CIA Director, Paul McCracken (who is now Nixon's) is far more preferable than the fantastic rate of growth under the Johnson's CIA, Ackley Ikun when one considers the horrible price tag our youth will be forced to pay; it gives me the jitters to think of the horrible tax burden and penalty our youth will be saddled with as a result of the arrogant and reckless irresponsibility, plus amazing ineptitude and stupidity of those in my own age group now in power, who are fashioning the very bed our youth will have to lie in. Undoubtedly, many of our splendid youth aspire to be ranchers and farmers; but for them the future is very bleak and holds little promise. A bare minimum capital of \$50,000 would hardly suffice to buy a ranch or farm plus all necessary equipment to operate one large enough to support the machinery and rumous taxation!

But, there is a still worse handicap facing the free enterprise farmer of today.

I can't imagine a more cruel and fantastic paradox than the confrontation twixt the American "Free" enterprise farmer and the Establishment as of the last several decades; now confronted with 92¢ wheat (72¢ in Dakota so I hear) almost enough to pay for the diesel, gas, oil bill; but not machinery; and yet the Secretary of Agriculture had the effrontery to talk about "free markets for the Farmer; "I believe our agricultural policy should aim to achieve full parity prices in free markets." I can't imagine what "free market he is referring to. All farm costs are fixed, not by free markets not by supply and demand, but by Commissions. Trade laws in 45 states, and by monopoly capital too. Regulated against the farmer are freight rates by rail or truck; commissions and charges for weighing, grading and storing; also taxes and interest rates; also the prices he pays for machinery, repairs, gas, oil, diesel, etc. But worse yet he has to buy at retail and SELL AT WHOLE-SALE; he is the only one in our entire economy who cannot fix the price on his own products; for his products are used for speculation while industry's products are not; their paper stocks can be brought and sold but NOT



the industrial products. The speculation on the Board of Trade is always in Farm Products, not industrial products. Just imagine a fantasy such as industrial products being placed at the mercy of all buyers, and having the price established on the Board of Trade. For example: Farm tractors opened \$160 lower than yesterday's close - or - cash plows were steady to \$30 lower - or - harvesters were weak to \$40 down - Refrigerators were \$25 below yesterday's high decreascent consumer demand caused auto futures to drop \$140.

Uneasiness in gasoline pits caused 22% drop, ~~drop~~ sharpest drop and extreme fluctuation in propaganda pits were newspapers which dropped from 290% parity to 150%. Don't bother looking, you won't find any such reports, but I find the other extreme just recently.

"Congressmen live like kings, raise their own pay 41%" but the \$12,500 pay raise they voted themselves up to \$42,500 turned out to be mere pocket money. Listen: Senators are allowed \$400,000 per year for staff and equipment, House members allowed \$100,000 plus for benefits and allowances; generous retirement, life, health insurance benefits. The staff, in the senate it is \$358,200, maximum to a minimum of \$210,000. House members staff, total payroll about \$100,000, for offices, both house and Senate are provided suites of rooms completely furnished with all equipment desired, even an allowance for framing pictures; House 75¢ for haircuts- \$1 in Senate; both House and Senate members are allowed \$3000 per year for stationary. Travel allowances are really de luxe; Senator; Seven round trips per year from home to Washington, in addition he can charge the taxpayer the cost of four to six round trips for each member of his staff. House: Travel allowance is even more generous. Every member is allowed one round trip each month Congress is in session, plus a one-way trip at the beginning and end of the session. During session trips he gets actual cost, but for beforing and end trips he gets \$20 a mile.

For a trip to Los Angeles, California, that means \$600 each way, whereas first class air fare is only \$319.10.

Postage: Both House and Senate have always had the "Frank" or free postage by printing their name on the envelope but now they get an allowance for Air Mail and special delivery - \$1200 in Senate; \$700 in the House.

Telephone: Senate allowed 22,500 minutes of long distance calls; House allowed 17,550 minutes. Cost varies

according to distance and time of day, but the bill can run as high as \$10,000, or more.

Home offices are also allowed at public expenses; one house member rented the front porch of his own house to his wife, whom he fired as Secretary, all charged up to the taxpayer.

So here we have the fantastic extreme of largesse on one hand, and the same identical magnitude of extreme social injustice on the other hand. I know of no person in our entire economy who is more socially necessary than the man, who, by the sweat of his brow, produces the food we put in our mouth; and yet he is the most bitterly discriminated against, in that he, and he alone has the "distinction" of being the only one who is not allowed to set the price on his own product. As a result of this economic strangulation, the casualty rate per day (in entire USA) was an average of 459 - that is, five yeats ago, and I can only aver that the rate of those going belly-up has been soaring and soaring.

So here is paradox vs paradox, each paradox per se in sharp contradistinction to the other but both equally obnoxious as a "lagacy" to bequeath to our splendid youth. So, to my elderly colleagues in every single category, high and low I query: "Why do you persist and persevere in putting them on - or, attempting to? They are on to your game so we might just as well level with them, for one thing is just as certain as the eternal verities - they are definitely not taking any more of your old guff - so why be so churlish toward them? Surely you must realize that your unrealistic, stupid and arrogant attempt to shove a decadent and obsolete status quo down their throats, willy-nilly, as did Daley's cops in the Chicago nightmare, will not only augment the prevailing disparity of the ever-widening generation gap, but will sorely aggravate the national trauma - malaise and will surely shove thousands of our youth right square into the arms of the far left and new left. You, thereby, defeat your own avowed purpose if indeed, anybody can believe what it is, that you do, avow, since you are so self-contradictory. Example: WW II you avowed to obliterate Fascism from the face of the earth. Two decades later here is Heidler's only trusted General-Adolph Heusinger - sitting back here in the Pentagon; elbow to elbow.

You have made a national phobia and fetish of a thing

you constantly rave and rant about commune-ism; yet one need not be adroit at all to discern that there is no such thing in this world as a communal society (except the Hutterian Brethern, the Amish, Simon Berno) what passes under the guise of pseudo.

Commune-ism is nothing but State Enterprise but what is your medicare, medicaid, (Social Security etc) an entire economy replete with government subsidies and what do you call those thousands and thousands of bankrupt farms the government gobbled up - but, state enterprise you created the SBA by which you vowed to help the small free enterpriser, and did you? Example: Senator James O. Eastland (D; Miss.) No. 2 man on Senate Agricultural Committee wangles a check for 129,977 made payable to Elizabeth Coleman (his wife) as a farm subsidy. This "needy" Senator is a multi-millionaire and owns most of the Sunflower County in Mississippi - while the ragged, small free enterprisers go broke by the thousands. So this is the kind of calculated hoax you expect our youth to buy? Is it any wonder our kids are angry and in full rebellion? And yet, you have the effrontery and arrogance to arrogate to yourselves the right to designate who shall and who shall not be friend or enemy for our youth. Is it any wonder that we are so torn, troubled and that the world has become a terror unto us; that we have lost our sense of direction and especially our national purpose as the result of a house so divided; that we are so "strong" and never before so weak; that we are so "rich" and never before so poor; so well informed, but never so ignorant; that so few of us can see ourselves as the world sees us; that we have the conceit of power; the arrogance of "money" (sans one ounce of collateral behind it) a peacock's vanity of power, money and human knowledge; and yet, not a single one of these attributes has saved a single one of the mighty Empires of the past; and I aver that neither will they save this one - the final Empire of them all. Call me or my rhetoric laconic, pessimistic with an obdurate cant- if you will - but deny if you can that I also face a bleak and naked reality; for an iconoclast such as I does not expect to polarize any friends on either side of the aisle. There is no simple panacea for such iniquity and inequity, now so all - pervasive, sort of a complete about, face on the part of the Establishment, which is simply wishing for a miracle that they might

change with the changing times. However, when we succumb to such a magnitude of apathy that our social decay can become so banal sans any public outcry at all, why, we only further vitiate a society already in reverse where negative is king. Neither will conformity ameliorate our national trauma, malaise, but on the contrary, will only serve as a nexus to further augment our social decay - now chronic.

In almost every society, clear back to the Patricians and Plebes of Ancient Rome, with but few exceptions, the Conservatives have always been foremost in the support of human freedom and dignit. During the notorious Dreyfuss frame-up the French conservatives were the most vaciferous, though they tried vehemently they failed to prevent it. The British had their intellectual elite in the vanguard of their conservatives and who was it but they who engineered the magnificent Magna Carta signed in 1215; and which was the basic premise of our own precious Bill of Rights. Thysly, the present confrontation of our youth with adult society or the Establishment where human rights and freedom are the obvious issues involved; it is the obvious responsibility of U.S., conservatives to support our splendid youth- but do they? Conversely, and paradoxically, the U.S., conservatives have treacherously and with fierce tenacity, turned on our youth and become their bitterest foes and enemies. Incidentally, the strange phenomena confounds and perplexes me to no end, and has for many decades - for this obvious conservative responsibility is one that our U.S. Conservatives have shirked for over a century. Just try to unravel that paradox for it is clear beyond my ken; we stand all alone in more than this one category and others!

Parados - it is axiomatic (WW II) that our entire propaganda machine was geared 100% to excoriate, lambaste and denigrate Adolph Heidler and the Third Reich; especially the fiendish, macabre and sub-human nightmares of Belsne - Buchenwald; Dachau; Auschwitz (in Poland) but, Dodiesburg USA, Curmins Farm, Tucjer's Farm and the Tucker "telephone," Rock Quarry at Buford, Georgia; the horrors of Cook County Jail; Title II of McCarran Act (which Truman vetoed) says: "Anyone who probably would committ (this or that) the Attorney General is empowered to detain" etc., meaning in any one of the 34 concentration camps. The word - probably can be so am-



birous; but it does not mention any overt act; or trial by jury; nor any right of appeal; nor any specific time to be detained; it merely says "detained" - period. One would surely think after the horrendous nightmare of Heidler and the Third Reich that all Americans would feel a natural aversion to any imitation which might appear in this land of the Bill of Rights - but not so. The American version of a pseudo - Heidler (George Wallace) spewed out a poisonous virus of hate which equated paragraph for paragraph, a facsimile of the same venom you will find in Heidler's own book - "Mein Kampf" which was so appealing that it attracted the votes of 9 million Americans; but there wasn't a single rich American who voted for this psychopath who is drawing 10% disability pay as mentally ill or mentally deficient. Will somebody answer this relevant question; Why do we condemn anything and everything over there, and condone the same thing right here?

More anent the American imitation, pseudo-Heidler - George Wallace; this is the first time in 192 years of American history, which I can recall that a mentally ill man has run for President of the USA; and it is a matter of record that he applied for this 10% disability pay himself on the premise of being mentally ill.

What supprises me most in this deplorable matter, however, is that 9 million indigents, only none of the rich people at all since they apparently had more sense - and all on the premise that he as a conservative, would soak the rich or skin them alive, as he inferred. Obviously, there is something terribly wrong with his image as a "Conservative" as a true conservative, Wm. F. Buckley, pointed out; he is no conservative at all but a Right Wing Radical of the most pernicious sort; ie., a fascist who appealed, not to logic, but to emotions only as any phoney demagogue. It is certainly bad and lamentable that such a bigot and a Fascist, a pseudo - Heidler could polarize 9 million votes from the ragged, indigent only but that he could actually win applause by promising to murder any dissenter who had the temerity to lie down in front of his car, certainly connotes something deeply wrong with our proletarian masses who are obviously reactionary. That too is a paradox, unprecedented in all history; that too is treason to the American Dream for this Republic was founded on dissent by our Founding Fathers. Who, but John Madison, said; A little rebell-

ion now and then is a very good thing. It serves as the only check rein on any potential tyrant. And so it does. It just may be that the American rich and affluent got the proper connotation from the example of Fritz Thyssen (pronounced Tee-sen) wealthy Jewish Industrialist who, as a treacherous quisling, gave financial support to Heidler to liquidate his own (Jewish) people. Maybe the U.S., affluent got hep: As I conclude, I can only adduce that the true enemy lies within us all, this and this alone is the human trap that most of us fall into, the trap that makes us act so inhumane to our brothers - especially those with darker skins. We squander our emotions on objects too small, on goals too trivial, on pseudo enemies which are too temporary. If any living "enemy" would appear to-morrow; for destroying one "enemy" we only create within ourselves the pre-condition for a new "enemy." Just take a gander at our lamentable history of a "friend" today and "enemy" tomorrow. So I aver that the only enemy is that negative within us which makes our differences seem more important than our similarities. Therefore, if we could only conquer our relentless pursuit of that horrendous negative within us which now transcends all reason - then the "enemy" outside us will begin to look like a neighbor and a brother.

In this category, Religion or rather "Churchianity" has been a dismal failure - but that is a subject all by itself.

We cling to the negative, both at home and abroad; unwittingly perhaps by habit, but nevertheless, so assiduously and with such fierce tenacity that we make a national fetich of it and in so doing stultify ourselves so that we become the laughing stock of the entire world. It thus, eventuates into the basic premise of our sub-culture. We put the dollar sign (\$) in front of everything we do.

We get violence and murder on TV, because this type of negative boosts the Nielsen ratings. Thus, procuring fatter and juicier contracts from more and more sponsors. Thus, we hand a negative package of sub-culture to our youth. After the killing of Robert Kennedy we were promised reform, but legislation was killed by the very politicians who had vested interests in the networks.

We have both air and water pollution for one reason only; dollars - too expensive to repair. We have the Cancer "Industry" for one reason it is very lucrative;

ask Dr. Ivy who almost went to prison over krebiozen which has proven itself in Europe for decades.

CORRECTION: FDR (Roosevelt) borrowed Social Security from Heidler - who inherited it from Bismarch. Heidler is correct Austrian spelling for Hitler.



# Toastmaster's Image *George Kimble*

We are suffering from an image gap - the difference between what we think of ourselves and the way others see us.

To us, a Toastmaster is a man who, after having been a member of our organization for one or more years, is well-versed in all phases of oral communication. He is able to give a formal speech to almost any size audience, hold his own in situations of extended conversation, participate in meaningful group discussions and problem-solving conferences, and listen analytically to other men's ideas. He would be rated, depending on individual skill, between adequate and excellent in his all-around communications competence. This is our experienced Toastmaster, and we are proud of him.

Those who are not Toastmasters unfortunately seem to pay more attention to the person who joins our organization rather than to the man who exhibits the benefits of membership. I recently heard the comment that Toastmasters is something which a shy executive or an ambitious youngster should consider.

This is wide of the mark. The ambitious men in our club definitely are not limited to youngsters.

How many men fail to join Toastmasters because they have this wrong idea?

To present our communications and leadership program to the right kind of prospective member, we must sell the end product of membership in meaningful terms. We must emphasize that the "experienced Toastmaster" is accomplished in communications and leadership and is able to put these abilities to effective use in his community and occupation.

Our image will not be improved until people start asking: "How will Toastmasters assist us?"

Then and only then will others see us as we really are.

MATURITY begins to grow when you can sense your concern for others outweighing your concern for yourself.

—John MacNaughton in *Pulpit Digest*





## BROTHERHOOD

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All Scripture is inspired of God and beneficial for teaching, for reproofing, for setting things straight, for disciplining in righteousness; that the man of God may be fully competent and completely equipped for every good work  
2 Timothy 3:16-17 (NW)

It is the best seller of all time. It is the Book of the Month every Month of the year, every year of the calendar. It is perennially modern, never outdated, and whatever the price, it is priceless, for it has brought solace to the sick, comfort to the sorrowing, spiritual strength to the strong. It has given hope to the poor, humility to the proud. It has touched the hearts of king and commoner. It was written for all people of all nations of all time. It points the way to spiritual wealth that can never be taxed, and to spiritual dividends that never will be passed. It is the dispenser of life to those who follow its counsel; it is the unfailing beacon that will guide men into that new world of righteousness where there will be not tears, disappointment or death. It is the textbook of freedom, the guide book for life. Let us study its teachings, follow its counsel, and live; for this means everlasting life, to know you, the only true God, and the one you have sent forth, Jesus Christ.

The Bible has not changed, it remains God's written word to aid us in finding our way to salvation. We must therefore heed what it says, and put aside doctrines and traditions that are not in accord with its divine message if we are to prove ourselves worthy of God's righteous new system. WHAT WILL YOU DO?

Therefore make sure of all things, hold fast to what is fine.  
1 Thessalonians, 5:21 (NW)  
-C.A. Netcalf

Too many people who try to use the weekend to unwind simply unravel.

-Bill Copeland in Sarasota, Fla., *Journal*

*No one is truly literate who cannot read his own heart.* —Eric Hoffer



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